picture week

NOVEMBER 20, 1956

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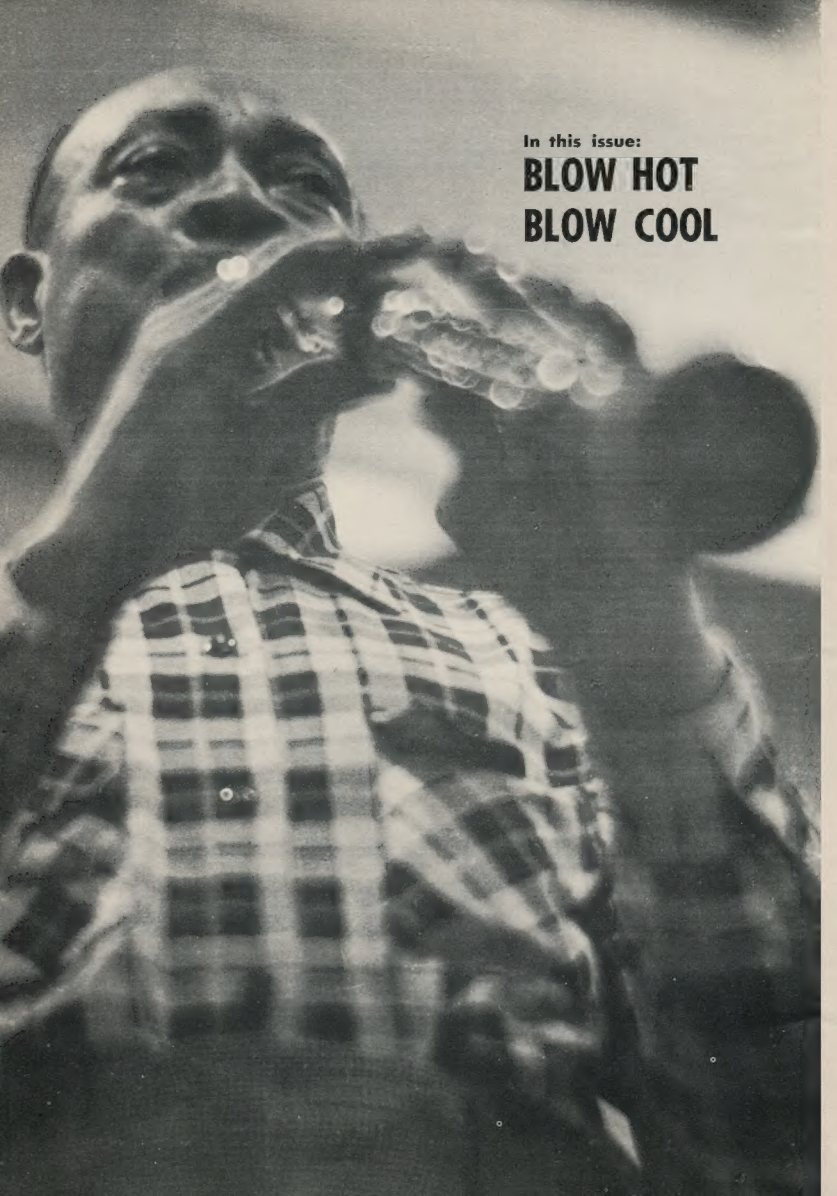
Behind A Sorority's Closed Doors

Exciting Features:

- Girl Athletes Can Be Pretty
- Blow Hot, Blow Cool
- Bobsledding: Ride Or Suicide?
- Death Battle In A Small Arena
- Glamor And Gimmicks

Susi Petersen



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BLOW HOT BLOW COOL

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picture week

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BEHIND A SORORITY'S CLOSED DOORS

College sororities claim to teach a girl loyalty and fellowship. But things start getting wild when they lock all the doors.

HELL WEEK: As the week approaches its climax, initiations get more and more intense and the punishments become crueler.

MOST PEOPLE who know her consider Rita H. a fortunate girl. The daughter of a leading lawyer in a small mid-western community, she is well fixed financially and has both charm and beauty. Last year, her senior year in high-school, she was an editor on her school paper, a football team cheerleader, and runner-up in a beauty contest. This year she was admitted to a hard-to-get-into college.

Right now, however, Rita's family and friends would have a hard time recognizing her. She does not look beautiful. She is blindfolded and helpless, held flat on her back while a sticky substance—molasses—is poured into her blouse. Suddenly, she is pulled to her feet, gasping. She sets herself for the next blow, gamely determined not to cry out whatever happens. But her courage is in vain. Eventually, her tormenters will break her down, leave her beaten and humiliated, helpless and terribly pathetic.

This scene reads like Rita had somehow got carried off by the Communists and taken to one of their brain-washing centers. But this is far from the case. Actually, the girl is a student at one of the most respected colleges in America. What she is undergoing is a normal, even comparably mild, sorority initiation.

When Rita's mother kissed her college-bound daughter a tearful good-by, she, like most other parents, hoped for great things to happen in the four years before the girl was to graduate. In addition to academic, classroom knowledge, she was also expected to gain an understanding of the social graces. And one college institution that her parents felt would do much to help was a good sorority with its traditions, potential for developing lasting friendships, and strict code of rules and regulations.

A "good" sorority is not easy to get into. The term itself comes from a Greek word meaning "sister," and like men's fraternities the sororities constitute a kind of "in group" on the average campus. They pride themselves on taking only the "best" girls. To join, a girl must come from the right background: Her family must either be wealthy, socially prominent, involved in one of the more respected professions, or include one or more past memberships in the group. Failing that, a prospective member still has a chance if she is exceptionally pretty, gets very high grades, or goes in for a lot of outside campus activities. Rita qualified on a great many of these counts.

Eventually, Rita was approached by the officers of several sororities. The one she decided on was extremely select. This group had several advantages: The girls were more prominent, they were dated by boys from one of the biggest fraternities, and they gave the most elaborate dances. Most important, however, Rita's parents were impressed with the name and reputa-

DEGRADATION: This pledge is only halfway through her initiation: She remains blindfolded while being put through paces by full-fledged members. If she dares to complain, the girls really get rough.

...SORORITY'S CLOSED DOORS

tion of this exclusive campus club.

There was one minor hitch. This, like most other sororities, excluded girls of certain racial and religious stock. These girls went one step further, however. They did not allow their members to date boys from the proscribed groups. And while Rita was eligible, she made friends with a boy who was not. At first, the girl balked at giving him up, but after a while she began to "listen to reason." The group had nothing against the fellow personally, but they did have to have *some* rules. Rita wasn't really *serious* about him. And, anyway, how could she explain the situation at home? Finally, she gave in.

At this point, Rita and eleven other girls were "pledged" to the sorority. Theoretically, this meant that they and the group looked each other over for a period of three months with either at liberty to call it quits. Actually, it meant a period of initiation and servitude. They waited on tables, made the members' beds, and did other menial tasks. They learned a complicated set of rules. If they failed this test, they were thrown out. They could *not* quit—not without destroying forever their chances of joining any sorority! The climax of this period was "Hell Week," five days of torture where anything went; where, behind the closed doors of the sorority, they could be beaten and stripped, shamed and degraded.

When Rita H. walked out at the end of Hell Week, she did not *look* any different than when she left home months before. She was not permanently injured, there were no visible marks or scars. But her change is real, none the less. She is bound to a strict code of thinking. She will live her life and choose her friends in accordance with that code, not deciding for herself what is right and wrong. She is a full-fledged member of a sorority, one of the "select." She has learned the facts of campus life through bitter experience, and knows her lesson well. When it comes time for her to take a hand in selecting and initiating the next group of pledges, she'll know just how to do it. ■

Bobsledding:

THIS SIDE OF SUICIDE

EVERY TIME a bobsledder shoves off down the icy, twisting run, he is taking his life in his hands. Pitching headlong down the glassy course, the driver must have lightning-like reflexes and nerves of steel. The sport requires perhaps more sheer guts than any other. The run can be completed in a matter of a minute or so, and the winning edge is usually no more than a few seconds at best.

America's Olympic bobsled chances depend largely on a mile of

UNDERWAY: A four-man sled shoves off during Mt. Van Hoevenberg Olympic trial.

Bobsledding . . .

twisting ice and snow at Mt. Van Hoevenberg at Lake Placid, New York. Here, Olympic candidates practice and meet for the right to represent this country at the Winter Games. There are only a few "bob-runs" in this country and the one on "Hovie," built for the 1932 Olympic Games, is the only one of International specifications.

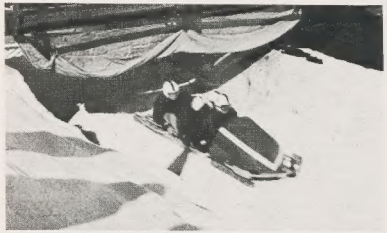
The 26 curves and turns on the run make it more than just a "slide-down." The walls of some of the curves are pitched at over a 22-degree angle, and it is in the negotiation of these twists that the skill of the driver and the timing and nerve of the brakeman are tested.

For bobsledding, be it a two- or a four-man event, is always a matter of team-work. It is up to the driver to steer a course. But, the man in the rear seat has the speed factor in his control. If he feels the sled is gathering too much momentum on a curve and there is a chance of jumping over the sidewall for a hurtling crash, then he can slam the steel teeth of the braking mechanism into the ice to slow down the speeding sled. Too much pressure at the wrong time, however, can cause a spinout or involve the loss of precious seconds—the margin of victory or defeat.

Speed is always the uppermost factor in the minds of bobsledders, and, for some, the bob-run has meant death or crippling injury. So slim is the margin by which a sled stays on the course that the most fearless of the drivers and brakemen often come off a run with their nerves ragged. Caught between two walls of ice and speeding along over a mile a minute, it is little wonder that many people consider bobsledding just this side of suicide! ■

HANGING ON: Four-man team spins around dangerous curve called "Shady Corner."

LEVELING OFF: Final twist *(l.)* brings a sled toward the crowd waiting at the finish line *(r.)*.

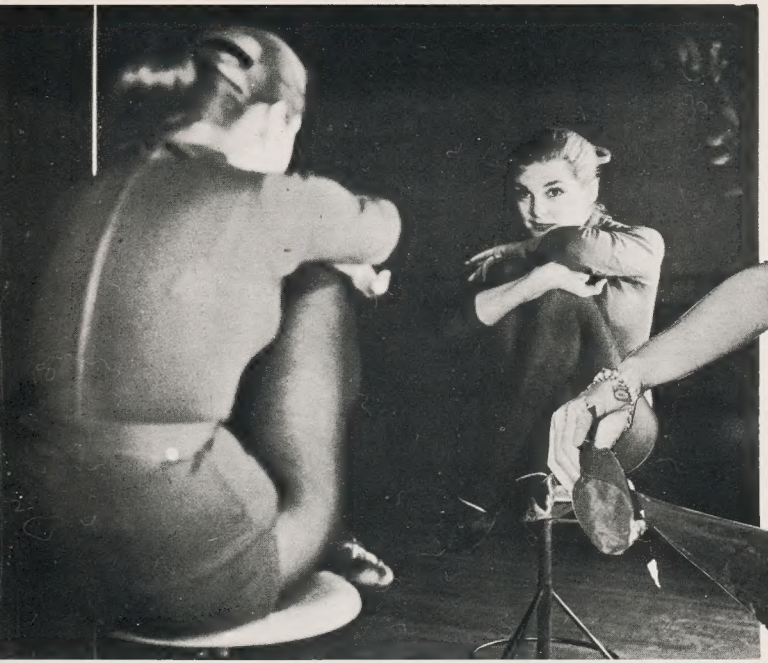


THE LINEUP: Four trial winners include former Olympian Stan Benham *(second from left)*.

WINNING GRIN: Art Tyler *(l.)* gets pat on the back from his brakeman.

UPKEEP: Bob-run must be well manicured.

HOW PHOTOGRAPHERS SELL GLAMOR



MOST PEOPLE think that it only takes a pretty girl and a good photographer to make a glamorous picture. Actually, however, a cameraman will go to no end of trouble to find a clever gimmick to sell his glamor. One example of how they do it is pretty Karen Sharpe (*above*) who is made twice as lovely through tricky photography. When our lensman shot Dani Crayne (*center*) he heightened the interest in her by means of a large kerchief. Dani, by the way, will be featured on the front cover of the upcoming issue of PICTURE WEEK.

Shirley Falls (*r.*) has her net value increased by the intriguing prop that is draped about her shoulders. Glamor gives each of these girls an extra something beyond Nature's gift. ■

Sun, sand, fire and water—all have been used to measure man's most precious gift.

Journey In Time

NOBODY HAD TO INVENT TIME. Like fire, air and water, it was always there, just ticking away, waiting for someone to stumble over it and give it a name. While no one has yet discovered what it is or precisely what to do with it, men have labored through the ages to perfect more accurate means of measuring it.

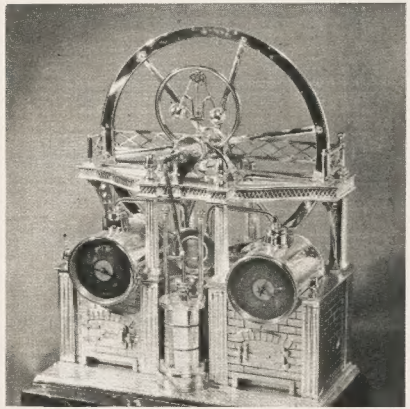
Before the advent of our time-clock-punching, train-schedule civilization, split-second accuracy was not a necessity. The Babylonians had figured out how to make a pretty reliable sundial by about 2,000 B.C. Other ancient peoples burned a rope knotted at intervals as a way of marking time.

Later, the drip of sand or the flow of water was widely used. The Persian king, Haroun-al-Raschid, gave a bronze and gold water-clock to Charlemagne in 807 A.D. A controlled flow of water activated cogged wheels and moving figures. But up through the Renaissance mechanisms remained erratic and uncertain, working just a few hours at a time. Although vast improvements were made since then, it wasn't until the Twentieth Century, with the application of electricity, that sustained precision became possible. An age-old dream became a reality.

With one eye on the future, inventors have recently come up with a space clock. It is designed to show interplanetary time differences that space-explorers will one day have to consider.

The fascinating story of man's journey from sundial to space clock is the subject of New York department store Abraham & Straus' current "Tick-Tock Tales" exhibit. It is a tale of man's tireless search for the perfect instrument to measure the mortality of his world. ■

LARGEST KNOWN SPECIMEN of "portable" clock *(l.)* has carrying handles on each side. Viennese automation design *(above)* has figures of carved wood. Eyes of Goliath move to and fro with "tick-tock".



STEAM ENGINE DESIGN: one of only four or five ever made is a 19th-Century French contribution. Clock is at left, barometer at right, with thermometer behind piston. It is currently valued at about $465.00.

OLDEST CLOCK known to be in America is this 15th-Century, hand-made, iron piece. A halberd hammer strikes the hour. Such clocks ran only a few hours and were placed where passersby could re-wind them.

PERENNIAL CLOWN Red Skelton is borne aloft by "The Flying Ashtons" for acrobatics.

Red Sails in the Footlights

WHILE LESSER COMICS come and go with every tide, a happy-go-lucky clown like Red Skelton is on his way to achieving the permanence of an institution.

One of America's top funnymen, Red loves nothing better than to mug a scene or play the ham. Part buffoon, part court-jester, with or without a script, bellowing his lines or working in pantomime — just bring on the audience, and he'll bring on the laughs—a barrelful.

Red's latest Hollywood chore is RKO's *Public Pigeon Number One*, starring Vivian Blaine and Janet Blair. In the film, Red gets embroiled in the acrobatic act of "The Flying Ashtons," and with his usual aplomb, lands on the floor.

Many of his friends claim that Red is as much of an eccentric in his personal life as he is on camera. One example they use is his smok-

UP HE GOES, the eighth wonder of the world, rising to new heights of glory.

DIRECTOR—Ben Chapman *(l.)* of RKO's *Public Pigeon Number One* stands by.

DARING LEAP INTO SPACE—will he make it? Audience waits in breathless silence.

FLYING FINISH: Red decides to come down for a crash-landing finale.

. . . Red Sails

ing habits. Although he uses ten cigars a day, he never lights them —just chews the ends and throws them away. He also collects hats, but hardly ever wears them. Once in a while, he'll don a Homberg.

An inveterate note-taker, Red scribbles happily on anything that is near at hand, especially the starched cuffs of his shirts. If he should run out of space, he won't let that faze him, but will whip out an indelible pencil and use the palm of his hand! To put it briefly, Red's the sort of guy who does what comes naturally—and probably that is the secret of his success. ■

Stop the Presses!

Paris France: French armed forces who were sent to the Suez squadron on Cyprus came prepared for every emergency. Listed among the supply ships was the wine tanker "Bacchus" with enough liquid sustenance to insure the warriors' ration of a pint of wine daily.

Nicholasville, Ky.: Red tape received a strong blow here, recently, from the local fire department. The firemen got a frantic phone call telling them of a blaze just out of town where a city ordinance prohibits them from taking the truck. The flame-fighters simply showed up without their bright red engine and put out the fire anyway.

Ocala, Fla.: The sheriff in this town received a letter from an ex-jail dweller claiming he had not gotten the customary $3 that is handed out to prisoners when they are discharged. He asked his erstwhile keeper to send the money to him in care of his brand-new address: the jail of a town only a few miles away!

THE CASE FOR SUSI

CASEY isn't the only one who would like to waltz with a strawberry blonde like Susi Petersen. She's like cream in your coffee, fudge on your sun-

THE CASE FOR SUSI

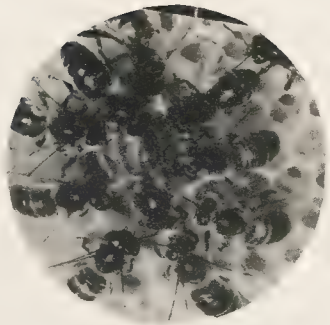
dae, frosting on your cake, the olive in your Martini—that little extra that makes all the difference in life.

While ordinary blondes and brunettes may be pretty, this lovely little charmer always steals the show. Whether lounging in a love-seat or posing in a man's shirt, her unique charm is beyond dispute. Susi is an old-fashioned girl. ■

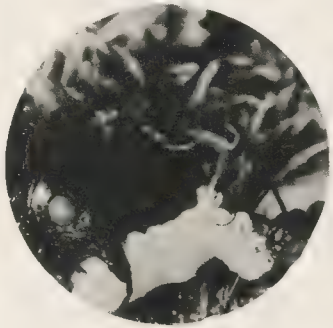
Queen bees in mortal combat.

Bee emerges from brood cell.

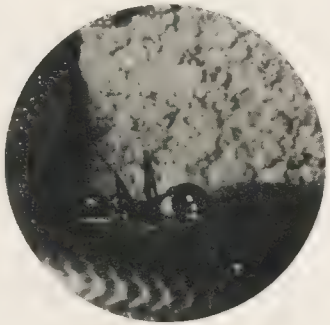
Hunting ant attacks weevil.



Egg-laying ritual of Queen.



Beetle steals ant's prey.



Ant tries to beat off snake.

A lilliputian war, unchanged since living things began.

DEATH IN MINIATURE

A CEASELESS STRUGGLE for existence is the key to Nature's ever-evolving world. In his new film, *Secrets of Life*, Walt Disney explores the fascinating world of insects—how they live, fight and die.

Disney and his cameramen project this war in miniature against the great cosmic forces of nature: crashing seas, eroding cliffs, swampy wastes and the recreative lava of volcanic eruptions.

Beginning with the world of vegetation, its miraculous seeding and flowering, the drama of mutual conflict and dependency unfolds. Color cameras move swiftly to catch and record every fleeting act and impulse of living things, from seed to ripened fruit to fallen seed again.

You watch rival queen candidates battle to the death for dominance over a hive of wild honey-bees. The victor's moment of ecstasy is the mating flight from which her consort plunges to destruction.

You witness the stubborn struggle of red and black ants, fighting and raiding, conquering and taking slaves—miniature armies on the march. Even here one finds expendables, "repletes" which gorge themselves and hang from their tunnel ceilings as living containers of emergency food.

In the shallow seas, one finds grotesque fish that stalk their prey with built-in angling lures; crabs disguised as seaweed for protection; bizarre and amorous crustaceans wooing their wily females. However deeply one probes into nature's secrets, the Disney adventure tells us, there is both violence and beauty, life and death. ■

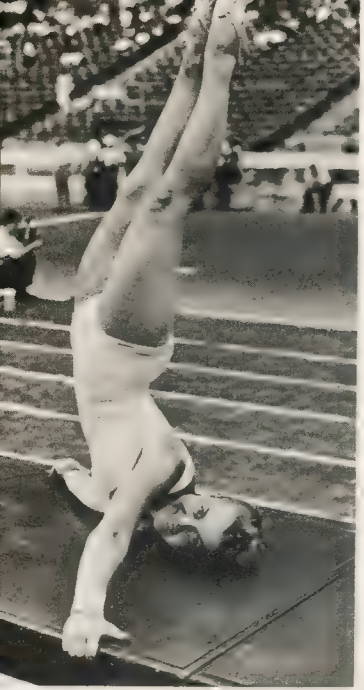
SHE STARS ON THE BARS

At 18, she is Canada's top woman athlete, but that's not the only reason her fans flock to see her.

TWO VIEWS of Ernestine Russell show her to be as pretty as she is talented and help demonstrate why the ancient sport of gymnastics is enjoying a revival in Canada.

BEFORE ERNESTINE RUSSELL got into their act, gymnasts used to compete in comparative privacy. Except for a handful of friends and relatives, the only ones available to admire their complex flips and flops were their opponents and the officials. Even now, it is not expected that tumbling will rival football or baseball in spectator appeal, but the day of the yawning bleacher and the tomb-like silence seems finally to have passed—at least when Ernestine is competing.

An 18-year-old from Ontario, she is a most diverting sight as she twirls and spins her graceful way about the parallel bars and other gym equipment. Yet, it is not only her pretty face and figure that have made fans of those who previously could not be dragged to see a tumbling contest; she is incredibly talented. Four years ago, just a little girl who had never tried even the simplest kind of gym feat, she has three times since then, received the Canadian Women's Federation Award, emblematic of that country's finest woman amateur athlete.



. . . STARS ON THE BARS

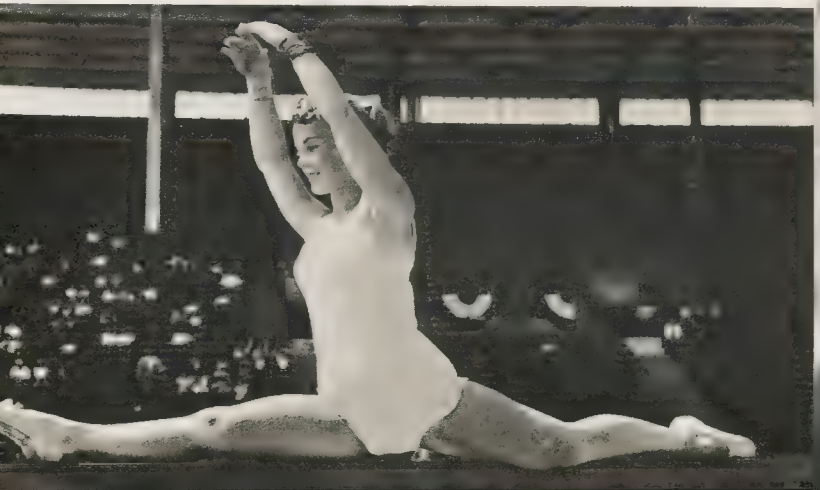
This year Ernie won the right to represent her country in the Olympic Games at Melbourne, Australia.

Extremely versatile, rather than a one-event specialist, her first places in stand-out competition from Canada and the U.S. were scored on the side horse, parallel bars, balance beam, in free calisthenics competition and for all-around performance.

Although a competitive athlete for just four years, Ernie was not without a helpful background when she began. Her parents are ballet teachers and they started her dancing at the age of three. Even today she practices ballet to help keep her "form" in gymnastics.

"Ballet is wonderful to teach one balance and body control," she smiles. Even prize-fighters could benefit from it, but they probably think it's sissy." ■

ERNESTINE credits her excellent form to her many years of training in ballet dancing. Authorities say this is only a partial explanation, however. They claim that in the gym, she is just a "natural."



BLOW HOT BLOW COOL

Whether it's Dixieland or progressive, barrel-house or be-bop, jazz is still the representative music of the American people. It is heard all over: In a small basement in an Iowa town, for example, or at a recording session such as the one Sylvia Sims is making, above. Jazz grew out of the spirituals, the work songs and the marching songs of the primitive South. The Negro originated this kind of music, but by now jazz has been changed and added to and redeveloped by Americans of every racial

BLOW HOT BLOW COOL

DAVE BRUBECK

and religious group. The results of this varied background can be seen in the many different types of jazz being played today, each distinct from the others, yet having the required quality of improvisation to bring them all within the jazz idiom.

There is, for instance, a vast difference between the work of Wilbur de Paris and Dave Brubeck. Wilbur plays tailgate trombone in the New Orleans style of old-timers Kid Ory and George Brunis. Pianist Brubeck, on the other hand, leads a most musically advanced group and shows the influence of the classical modernists under whom he studied at Mills College. Yet, both men play jazz in that they improvise on basic themes and stamp their own personalities on the music.

The same can be said for such sharply differing stylists as be-bop pianist Duke Jordan, the ultra-modern Don Elliott and hard-swinging big-band veterans like Neal Hefti and Pete Regulo. They're jazz musicians, one and all. □

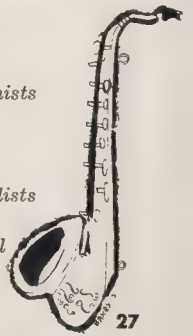
WILBUR DE PARIS

DON ELLIOTT

DUKE JORDAN

NEAL HEFTI

PETE RUGOLO



through the lens

SINGAPORE SIREN is the Oriental lovely, Chang Wing, who came to the colony after her act was closed down in Hong Kong for being too "daring."

ASIAN ENCHANTRESS goes Western. The Chinese actress, Helen Hsia, claims that she enjoys the added freedom of Western togs, especially in Summer.

WIESBADEN WINNER is Ruth Mueller whom natives consider a natural double for Marilyn Monroe. But Ruth objects, wants to win on her own.

SIDNEY SEDUCTRESS, lovely Margo Day, has all Australia in a whirl. The 19-year-old blonde is headed for the top "down under."

Test your ingenuity with these three tough

BRAIN-BUSTERS

A MAN walked into a bar and asked for a glass of water. Instead of giving him the water, the bartender pulled a gun from under the counter and pointed it at him. Startled, the man paused breathlessly. Then he smiled and left the barroom.

What circumstances might logically cause such a sequence?

Here are a few clues: The men were unknown to each other; there was nothing unusual in dress or physical make-up about either of them; the incident occurred during the regular hours the bar was open.

Answer: The man had hiccoughs and the scare cured him.

T	I	E	T	R	C	T	S	P	P					
A	N	E	T	O	E	N	N	U	L					
R	G	L	R	F	R	E	O	S	I					
T	F	F	O	R	E	M	T	N	E					
N	O	K	O	I	A	O	I	O	S					
E	R	C	P	A	D	M	C	I	A					
C	M	A	S	D	Y	E	E	T	S					
N	A	T	H	N	T	V	A	I	S					
O	S	T	I	A	O	A	M	N	E					
C	S	A	P	S	L	E	M	U	M					
Y	M	E	N	E	X	D	E	L	B					

SUPPOSE you had intercepted the above message sent by a simple-minded spy to his chief and you had a time limit of five minutes to decode it. Could you figure it out quickly and save the day? It is really a simple form of secret message writing. There is no substitution of letters.

Remember, you're only allowed five minutes.

Solution: Starting at the letter X on the bottom line, read towards the left, then up the first column and down the next and continue up and down each column to the bottom of the last column and then left towards the starting point. The message reads: "Enemy concentrating for mass attack. Fleet, troopships and air force ready to leave moment's notice. Ammunition supplies assembled."

STRETCHING A POINT

MATHEMATICIANS, like magicians, have a number of ways of making money do stunts. The following problem is an example:

A man has a total of $50 in his bank account. He withdraws it as follows:

Withdrawal		Balance
$20	leaving	$30
$15	leaving	$15
$9	leaving	$6
$6	leaving	$0
$50		$51

Where does the extra dollar come from?

Answer: Who says that the balance must equal the withdrawal? If the man had withdrawn $10 the first time, he would have had a $40 balance; if he'd withdrawn $10 again the second time, he'd have had a $30 balance. Add these two alone and he would have had a $70 balance, etc.

Here's a man who's really doing something to help the ex-con forget his past and start a new life.

THE LONG ROAD BACK

THE EMPLOYMENT OFFICE of the Prison Association of New York was empty. Harry Schwartz, veteran job-hunter for parolees, sat facing the window, watching the snow fall between the buildings. He had just re-lit his cigar for the third time, when he looked up to see a young man, soaked and bedraggled, standing in the doorway.

With a swift glance, his practiced eye told him the whole story. The young man had been released from prison. He was wearing the uniform of the dispossessed. His eyes had a frightened, apologetic, half-hunted look. He was a free man again — with a quarter in his pocket and no job to go to.

Harry got up, motioned to the seat opposite, trying to thaw his visitor with a friendly smile.

"It's my shoes mostly," the visitor said, embarrassed. "I ain't got but a quarter and they need fixin'."

His shoes were worn open at the toes. They were soaked and frost-pinched from the snow.

"I'd appreciate it if you could lend me a buck," he said. "I can get 'em fixed for a buck."

Harry reached into his pocket and handed the man three dollars. He smiled gratefully as he took it.

"Now take off your shoes and socks," Harry said. "Then we'll have some coffee and we'll talk this thing over sensibly, just the two of us . . ."

That night the parolee slept in a warm bed in the Nassau Hotel for 40 cents. He got his shoes fixed and got himself a meal. That was the beginning of his rehabilitation, the start of his long road back.

A week or so later, he had another talk with Harry Schwartz. By now he was beginning to get his head above water again. He was wondering about his future, now that someone had finally persuaded him that he might have one.

He and Harry talked man to man, in a language both knew and understood. Harry asked him if he liked out-door life, the country, fishing and hunting, and things like that. Then he told him he ought to have a plan, something to work towards. He told him to scrape up a little money, go upstate a bit, buy a piece of ground, get some lumber and throw up a shack.

"You could begin by selling fruit or anything at first. Later you might get some company to build you a filling station. Then you'd be in business. You'd have something. And that's what you need more than anything else. Am I right . . .?"

A year or two later, Harry learned how right he was. His former parolee had gotten together with another man in the same boat. He discussed the idea with him and they shook hands on it. They formed a corporation.

Together they did odd jobs, washed dishes, scrubbed floors, painted houses to save a dollar.

After a while they scraped together $83 and tramped off to New Jersey in search of the Promised Land. They came across an old, half-abandoned barn, talked the farmer who owned it into letting them use it for a couple of dollars a month, and set up shop for themselves. They went around buying up old furniture which they repaired and sold. In a few years time, they had a flourishing business . . .

PICTURE WEEK made a visit to the office of Mr. Harry Schwartz, supervisor of the Employment and Relief Bureau of the Prison Association of New York. A conscientious crime-preventer, he was pleased to discuss his unusual work.

Not all Harry's clients have the determination or the luck which this one had. Some are released with a suit of clothes and a little change and have to fight their way back into a hostile environment. The public is suspicious of them and employers reluctant to take them on.

That's Harry's job—to fight part of their battle for them, to track down someone who will give them a break, a chance to help them to help themselves.

During his fourteen years as supervisor of the Employment and Relief Bureau, Harry Schwartz has submitted and placed 9300 parolees. Less than a dozen of these men ac-

tually failed to make good.

He remembers one man who did let him down. The man had just been paroled after several years in prison. Harry got him a job in a luncheonette. But something went wrong. He got drunk and skipped town with $250. A week later, he was back in Harry's office, ready to give himself up.

Harry's schedule is a tough one. From 9 A.M. to 12 noon, he interviews parolees at the rate of some 250 a month. After lunch, he does his arduous missionary work, seeking out employers for his clients.

The most difficult problem he faces is employer reluctance. "Excon" is a loaded word in our society and most people shrink away from it. Once a criminal, they say, always a criminal. But Harry counters with the facts, with his own record of achievement which gives the lie to the popular myth.

There has been much learned talk and debate about "criminal types" and the "criminal mentality." For Harry, there is only one type and one mentality—human. If a man makes a mistake and pays for it with part of his life, why should society insist that his crime follow him to his grave? Which of us, living as honest and respectable citizens, is entirely guiltless?

That's Harry's approach—honest, forthright, down-to-earth. And it gets results. The men who come to him in need, find in him a friend, a man they can trust. And they respond with gratitude. "Legislation isn't the answer," he says. "What they need is kindness, sympathy and understanding."

One indication of Harry's success as a person as well as a job-hunter is the fanmail he receives from former clients. He's got a stack of testi-

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monials in his drawer that would fill a telephone directory.

Some time ago his apartment was burglarized. The newspapers carried the story, humorously implying that the underworld was out to "get him." The goods, most of it presents, made for him by prison inmates, was never recovered. But he had lots of help looking. From all over the city he got letters of commiseration. Those he had helped now wanted to help him. During one of his visits to the penitentiary, he met an old friend who had been in almost every prison in the country. The friend stopped Harry and told him he had heard about the bad news. "A rotten shame," he said. "The dirty, no-good crook!"

With more than 42 years experience in the field of crime treatment and prevention in New York City, Harry Schwartz has earned the title of modern missionary. And his gospel is as simple and rewarding as the Golden Rule. Crime is as old as mankind. You can't legislate it out of existence. And wishful thinking won't work either. The only way to make the world a better place to live in is to do something. And the best way to start is by extending a helping hand to those in need. ■

DOLL BY THE DOCKS

THE WATERFRONT of any city is famous for being a place where anything can happen. But even the hardened Berlin stevedores were astounded, recently, to see a lissome young ballet dancer go through her paces on the docks.

Ursula Heyer, a member of the Berlin Ballet troupe which received rave notices while on a U.S. tour last year, decided she needed a brand-new setting for her dance routine. So she took her leotard with her to the waterfront and went into her act. Fortunately for posterity, the

DOLL . . .

dancer also arranged to have a cameraman accompany her.

Ursula's dream is to be a famous ballerina some day in the future. To do this, she studies hard under the direction of her teacher, Russian-born Madame Tatjana Gsovsky, an exponent of the classic form. Ursula's ballet tastes run to the classical. However, her face and figure is as sleek and modern as tomorrow. If Ursula does make it up the ladder of success, she'll be the only ballerina in existence with a waterfront cheering section. ■

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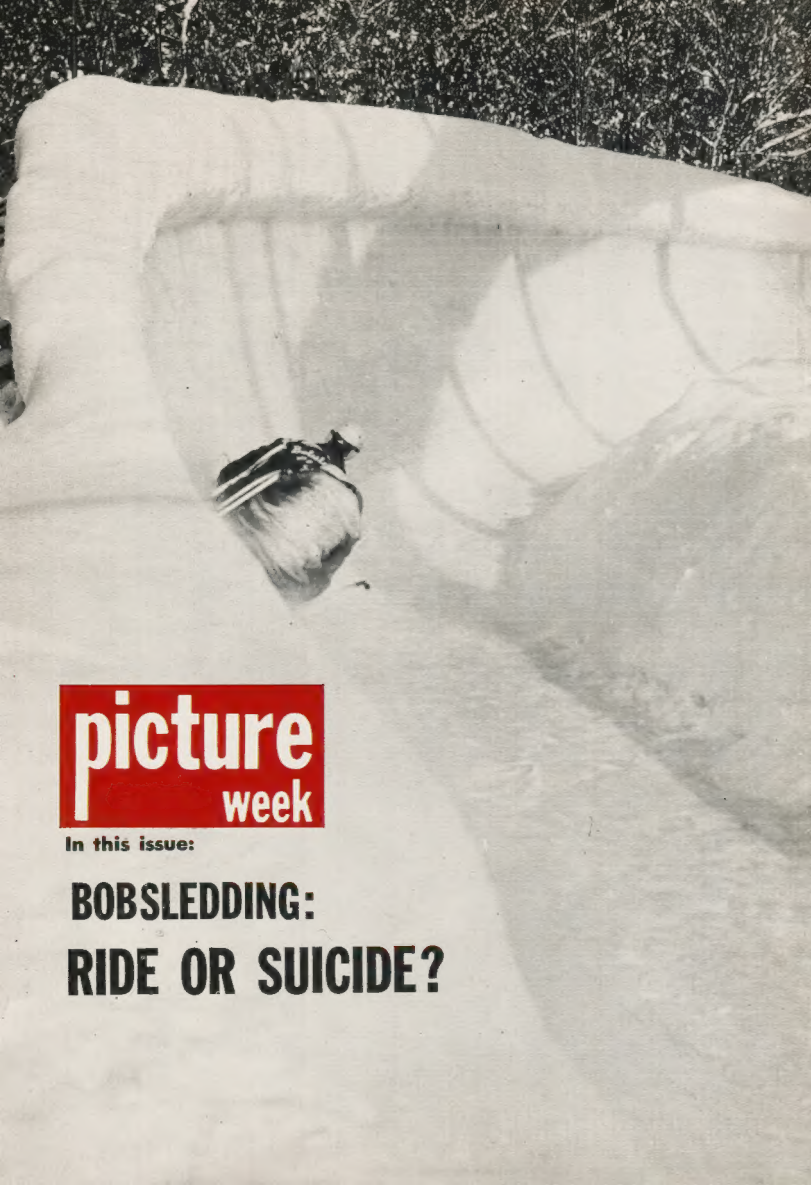
HOW PHOTOGRAPHERS SELL GLAMOR



picture week

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